



Windows



24 1 3

Chapter 1 by Imperial unicornsss

My house always seemed to be made entirely from glass. It shone in the sun every morning, and from my room, I could see travelers hurrying to wherever they needed to be. The sun burst through my room, and bathed everything in swathes of golden light. It was perfect in the day.

But when the sun set, and my room turned the colour of ink. The colour my mother wrote in. Then, I'd slip under the blankets, and hide my eyes. I'd plug my fingers in my ears, and press my head against the warm mattress, feeling it get slowly damp with my sweat. The tapping would start. Soft, but sharp. Once, when I was little, I didn't hide, and I saw shadows crawling over the glass. I'd scream, and shriek, waiting for a source of light. But no light came.

None through the windows.

Chapter 2 by OrangeElephant



I remeber the fear, climbing up my spine that dreadful night. I remember father coming in, saying he could se nothing. But I could see it. And I didn't like it.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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